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### Frightful Shipwreck.

#### One Hundred and Thirty-two Lives Lost.

(From the Liverpool Gazette, Dec. 31st.)

Lionel Van Buren, chief officer of the American steamer *Starry Banner*, Captain Sumner, has favored us with the following graphic account of the foundering of that vessel in the Atlantic ocean, with the loss of 132 lives:

The steamship *Starry Banner*, 2,000 tons burden, bound to New York from Alexandria, with crew and passengers, numbering 134 souls, was totally lost on the night of the 21st of December, in latitude 49° N., longitude 23° W. She had bad weather from the time she left Southampton on the 18th, when she encountered one of the most violent storms ever experienced.

The gale was terrific in the extreme, and raged with fury for three days, the ship, crew and passengers being completely at its mercy. The bones of the steamer were stove in, and the bulwarks shivered to atoms; the life boats were all lost. On the 19th, while the Captain, third and fourth mates and boatswain were on the bridge, a tremendous sea washed over the vessel, carrying away the bridge, officers' quarters, galley, etc. In fact, everything on the deck fell a prey to the violence of wind and water. Not one of those who were on the bridge were rescued. The steamer was now in charge of the chief officer, Lionel Van Buren. The water had got into the fore-room, putting out the fires. On the morning of the 20th a terrible hail storm set in; pieces of ice fell as large as good sized potatoes, and no one could remain on deck while it lasted.

By six o'clock the plate bows gave way, and it was feared the steamer would have gone down, but she was kept well before the wind, this being the only chance left. The second officer, being on watch, was going toward the wheel-house, when a sea struck the vessel's stern, carrying away the wheel-house, the officer and wheelman into the sea. Only one of them was saved. By ten o'clock the gale had increased; the vessel dipped and tossed, the waves running mountains high. The cargo heaved against the decks, completely bursting them up, and the steamer was now looked upon as lost, there being ten feet of water in the hold. All hands were now called into the saloon, and the chief officer told them that he had done all in his power to save the vessel, and she was now left to the mercy of the waves. It was pitiful to see the passengers and crew. The ladies could not control their feelings, for they apparently felt their time was short in this world. Children clung to their sobbing mothers; hardly old women were down on their knees, praying to Heaven for mercy. The vessel was now holed to, by twelve o'clock a tremendous sea struck the saloon on the starboard side, shivering it to atoms square through to the other side, and sweeping more than a hundred human beings into the raging waves. Had it not been for the forethought of a passenger by the name of Henry Joy, a Major in the United States Army, and a native of London, who persuaded a number of the crew and passengers to go into the hold previous to the destruction of the saloon, the whole of those on board would have been struggling in the water. As soon as Major Joy could get out of the hold, which he did with two women, and when he saw so many human beings in the water, he threw off his coat and jumped overboard, despite the entreaties of his wife, for it was considered madness to throw himself into such a raging sea. To all persuasion he turned a deaf ear, making for answer that he had swam as rough a sea, and he should not stand by and see his fellow men drown without lending a hand to save them. By this time the ship's crew were all out of the hold, and were throwing ropes to those in the water.

Major Henry Joy himself saved twenty-two, who could not swim, including seven ladies and five children. Three of the saved the Major brought to the ship at one time, holding two with his teeth and the third under his arm. It was said by all who witnessed his heroic conduct that he was the most powerful swimmer they ever knew. Sixty of those washed into the water were seen no more. The chief officer was knocked insensible from a fall off the fore-castle, and remained so for several hours. There being now no other man capable of managing the ship, it was, by unanimous voice, given into the hands of Major Joy. Night had now set in, and the storm raged as strong as ever. Joy went below and found twelve feet of water in the hold. He then ordered the men to commence making rafts out of whatever they could get, lashing them well together, for the steamer was sinking fast. Guns were fired and rockets thrown up, but nothing came to our assistance. Major Joy, who kept his post all night, reports seeing the starboard light of a vessel, but no notice was taken of our distress. He was washed overboard twice during the night, but succeeded in gaining the ship again. The sea was now making a clean breach over the vessel, and she labored heavily. A sudden crash was heard in the stern, and on looking it was found that her starboard side was stove in, and she was fast going down. Major Joy ordered the rafts to be launched, and the survivors were lowered on them. The rafts were lashed together, so as to prevent them from drifting apart. Everything was done quickly and orderly, Major Joy being the last to leave the ship. About ten minutes afterwards the steamer went down stern foremost.

The survivors were on the raft two days and three nights without food or water, when they were rescued by a French bark and landed in a very destitute state at Boulogne, on Sunday last. Several of the crew and passengers died from exposure while on the raft, and others jumped overboard. In all one hundred and thirty-two persons perished.

### SPAIN.

The following letter from the Infante Don Henri, of Bourbon (brother-in-law of Queen Isabella of Spain, and brother to the King,) is addressed to the Provisional Government of Madrid:

GENTLEMEN:—When I observe the feverish ambition which devours the Duke of Montpensier; when I witness the explosion of pretensions hatched for many a year to take possession of the monarchical power in Spain—in Spain, free and independent, to which he returned without honor as a fugitive when his father, Louis Philippe, fell from the throne by that providential justice which marks chastisement on the brow of certain Kings; when everybody knows that he has no title, and no right to our country, so jealous of its dignity, more than the hospitality which all civilized people accord to those who take refuge in it when driven from their own; when I examine this stranger, a Prince without energy or elevation of character, and so full of vanity and selfishness that he thinks everything due to him, and that no one in the world should refuse him the distinguished honor of becoming his countryman; when his capriciousness accepts with one hand the gifts and favors of Isabella II., and when, ungrateful and traitorous, he strives with the other to usurp the place of his benefactors who reposed full confidence in him; when I see him coldly speculating at a distance on the blood-stained field of Alcolea, ready to rush, without, however, exposing himself to danger, on the spoils of Isabella, like the bird of prey on a dead body; when I find him at Lisbon, watching for the favorable occasion of imposing himself on Spain, and impatiently counting the moments, and, after these moments calculated by him, settling with miserable niggardliness, the accounts of his cook; when I see him, in so impudent and comical a fashion, desiring to meddle in the recent struggle, which has left the noble and liberal city of Cadiz in mourning; and when, to crown this Orleans conspiracy, I hear Spaniards, unworthy to bear that honorable title, proclaim the ridiculous and anti-national name of this stranger, forced upon us as if it were the name of a hero, and when they thus trample under foot the ashes of the martyrs of Oural—the ashes of the illustrious members of the Spanish army, shot by the treachery of the Madrid Government, delivered over to Louis Philippe—when I behold all this, I cannot help asking what is the talisman, and what are the privileges of this pretender?

I, who count more than twenty-two years of suffering and political persecution, of which Louis Philippe was the instigator—I, who, without being culpable, am banished from my country and from my home—feel indignant as a Spaniard, and as belonging to the Liberal party, at the unjust and unpatriotic privileges accorded to Montpensier.

In the name of justice, I, who have never desired the place coveted by the intriguer of whom I speak—I, who would consider myself debased if I bore the title of Pretender, for my aspirations are those of the honest citizen who knows the high value of self-denial—I, who place the glory of Washington far higher than that of Caesar—I address myself to the Provisional Government of the nation to be allowed to return to my country, and to humbly occupy, as I ever had the habit of doing, my rented apartments in Madrid, which contain the little I possess.

The remains of my parents, those of one of my children and of my wife, are in Spain; and these remains, so dear to me, call me near them. I do not, like Montpensier, seek a Crown—Montpensier, who, in the possession of his many millions, might live contented and silent. All I ask for is the sunlight of my beloved native land—that air of country, of home, which every citizen who is free from crime has a right to enjoy.

At the same time I demand from the equity of the Provisional Government another thing which is equally just—to be reinstated in the naval service to which I belong. The Duke of Montpensier being recognized as Field Marshal of the Spanish Army, the representatives of the party for which I have so much suffered cannot hesitate to restore my sword to me, of which I was deprived by the vengeance and tyranny of the Narvaes Ministry. For a demand so reasonable I appeal to the friendly relations subsisting between me and General Prim at the time when he, like me, was exiled.

Receive, gentlemen, the assurance of the esteem which is the result of every good action, and the testimony of my gratitude for the favorable opinion I have merited from you.

HENRI DE BOURBON.

PARIS, Dec. 21.

Prince Henry was Vice Admiral in the Spanish fleet more than twenty years ago.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.

In the Supreme Court, to-day, Chief Justice Chase delivered an opinion affirming the decision of the Supreme Court of Oregon, that the taxes of that State must be paid in gold and silver according to its law. The Court held that greenbacks are ample satisfaction for contracts and agreements, but that taxes are of a different character from such obligations, and it is competent for a State to designate the character of the money in which taxes shall be paid.

The President, in compliance with the solicitation of the friends of Mrs. Surratt, has ordered her remains disinterred and delivered to her relations, with the understanding that there be no public demonstration whatever, and that the funeral services be privately conducted.

In the Senate, Sherman presented a petition for the recognition in the Constitution, of Almighty God, as the source of all civil authority.

### Perils of the Young.

(From the Philadelphia Ledger.)

Young people cannot be too careful to avoid bad habits. If a young man be idle he will make other idle. If he be dishonest in business, or extravagant, or does not pay his debts, he saps that credit, confidence and honor which is the life of business prosperity. Where these or other vicious principles prevail among the youth of a nation, it may sink into degradation and eventually be destroyed. On the other hand, where an industrious, orderly, just and honorable character pertains to the youth of a people, it insures the welfare and progress of the nation at large. In youth comes the crisis of life. Those who choose well rise like the morning sun, higher and higher; but those who fall at this crisis sink among the perils that surround them, often to rise no more. At no time are passion and energy so strong, and experience so weak, as at the point where parents and guardians relinquish authority, and the young man assumes the responsibility of directing himself. It is then that the mind and the body are strong, courage, hope and enterprise ardent, and the appetites and inclinations powerful. Passions, when latent in the breast, need but a spark of temptation to inflame them. If they were all pure, and properly harmonized, the young man would perhaps find in them that which would give strength to his virtue, and an instinct which, supplying the place of experience, would guide him aright. But it is not so. He may have inherited the moral delinquencies of the parent as much as his physical disorders. The currents and fashions of prevailing wickedness make it difficult for a young man to keep clear of them. What avails the skill of the mariner in the midst of the whirlpool? He may steer by his compass, and set his sails, and seem to be moving aright, while he is really drifting into the fatal current. The young man, led by his youthful associates and the haunts of dissipation and vice, is being irresistibly drawn into the fatal current. He may be amiable, and even innocent at first, but after a time his face is flushed, and his brow contracted with anxiety, for he feels that he is rushing into the whirlpool of guilt that may end in his destruction.

Good habits firmly fixed are the best thing to guide the young through the journey of life in a wise and honorable manner. Money cannot do it, nor talents and education, nor powerful connections and fashionable manners. Neither can philosophy, or even innocence and amiability do it. All these may fade before temptation, like snow before the sun. Earnest and active devotion to duty, to virtuous principles, and the practice of honor, honesty, morality and justice, are necessary to combat the dangers by which the young are surrounded. Some habits should be checked; others stimulated; some need pruning, and others weeding out, root and branch. If taken in time, it will be a pleasant duty to keep the garden of the mind in order, but if the weeds get the upper hand, the task will be one of increasing difficulty. Prince Talleyrand took part in thirteen revolutions, and was always the acknowledged leader. His plan was to watch the tendencies of public opinion, and always to take his stand a little way before the foremost, so that they would seem to be coming up to him. He once said that the secret of his success in life was to set his watch ten minutes ahead of the rest of mankind. Idleness is a common weed, but is easily kept under, if industrious habits are formed in time, and he whose day begins ten minutes sooner than that of those around him, will find the benefit of Talleyrand's maxim. So, if a young man in his business keeps a little in advance of what his employer could reasonably expect of him, his reputation will be assured.

What a queer people these Sandwich Islanders are. You wonder why they are no longer carnivorous, and conclude the climate is so much warmer than formerly, that it has destroyed both appetite and energy. This want of activity you notice in every thing. It is not confined to the people alone. The very animals are enervated. The cats never catch rats or mice. On the contrary, they live together most amiably. Roosters stand around on one leg all day, and crow all night. Hens only lay under protest, and as few eggs as possible. It is a curious country in every way. They have cats without tails, for they would be useless appendages; no kitten would have energy enough to run after her tail, if she had one, and no child born there is vigorous enough to pull it for her. Some of the very birds on Hawaii have no wings, as the nature herself recognized the fact that they would never be used if given. You find geese upon the highest mountains, miles away from water, while the homes are amphibious, and feed under water in the marshes and ponds, with only the tips of their ears visible, thro' which, you are told, they breathe, and you do not for an instant doubt it, for in a country where the natives mount them from the wrong side, where in such the ten takes the ace, where some times John Bull becomes civil because it is too warm to bluster, and where Jonathan, with all his love and pride of his country, consents to expatriate himself and children, anything is possible. Overland Monthly.

### INEQUALITIES.—The New York World very forcibly remarks:

"While the Radicals are talking about cutting and carving States into smaller Radical States so as to double and quadruple Radical Senators, look at the little rotten borough called the State of Nevada! Its total vote is only 11,500, less than the vote of some wards in this city, and yet it has two United States Senators, whose votes are equal to the votes of the Senators from New York, which polled 800,000 votes at the last election."

### Railroad Assistance.

(From the San Francisco Call.)

Political economists have become aroused to the danger of making further land grants to railroad corporations. They conceive, and rightly, that the system heretofore in vogue is calculated to create a large and powerful landed monopoly, which, by means of the wealth and influence thus donated by Government, may, in a short time, absolutely control all legislation. To avoid this evil, and at the same time encourage great railroad enterprises, has been the object of many of our legislators. The Railroad Committee of the United States Senate imagines it has accomplished both of these by the plan it has recommended. That plan is, not to make a further donation of lands to railroad companies, but to guarantee the payment of interest on railroad bonds. Fatal mistake! The payment of interest on railroad bonds would be a direct tax upon the people, for which most of them would receive no more than an indirect benefit. A guarantee of the payment of interest would be worse, if possible, than a direct appropriation of lands under the system heretofore in vogue. It is true that the vast tracts of public lands lying between the Missouri river and the Pacific Ocean are of little use to the Government; they will realize nothing unless railroads pass through them, and bring them close to the great markets. It is true, also, that if half or one-third of those lands are given absolutely to railroad companies, a dangerous land monopoly and landed aristocracy will be created. And yet railroads are needed. How, then, can the dangers of a land monopoly and the burdens of heavy taxation to raise the interest on bonds be avoided, and at the same time the construction of railroads be encouraged? The method is simple—so simple that in the case of any other body of men except those who compose the majority of Congress it would be a matter of surprise that it is not already a part of our national policy. What government can well afford, what it can do without adding to the burdens of the citizens or creating a dangerous land monopoly, and what it should do, is to pledge to railroad companies, who will obligate themselves to build necessary railroads, all the revenues derived from the sale of alternate sections of public land for twenty—or even thirty—miles on each side of the road constructed; the lands to be sold by Government officers at the usual price and the products paid over to the companies quarterly. Such a measure would have these merits: It would not create a dangerous land monopoly, it would not tax the people, it would add to the value of public lands, and it would give to the railroad companies every dollar the lands are or might be worth. But this plan of aiding railroad companies and benefiting the Nation, without adding to the burdens of the people, is too practical and common-sense like to meet with favor or be comprehended by our national legislators. They may prevent the increase of future land monopolies, but in so doing they will add to the burdens of the people. They can avoid both, and yet give such material aid to needed railroads.

NEW PACIFIC RAILROAD SCHEME.—St. Louis, January 15.—A flank movement is being organized to effect direct communication with San Francisco, and cut out the Omaha line. The Union Pacific, Eastern Division, no longer asks for a subsidy direct to itself for an extension to Denver and Salt Lake, but instead is asking that Congress shall give a subsidy to bring the Central Pacific—the California road—west to the 100th meridian. This would bring it to the point where the Eastern Division stops now, and is likely to stop for all time, and would in effect be the same thing as granting a subsidy to the latter road to continue its route west. A memorial to Congress to aid this project has already passed our State Senate, another has been introduced into the Kansas Legislature, and it is said that all the Pacific Coast Congressmen, the Senators of Nevada, etc., all leading men in Iowa, Illinois and some Eastern States, are committed to the project. The real strength of the movement, however, lies with the Pennsylvania Central Road, which now controls the Eastern Division Road, and seeks supremacy in a through line from Philadelphia to San Francisco without being required to diverge to Chicago, or being forced to combine with the New York Central for the control of the Omaha line.

### WHITE PINE FORTUNES.—The San Francisco Times of a recent date says:

Five passengers from White Pine arrived in this city night before last, each the fortunate possessor of about \$100,000, the proceeds of their season's operations in the newly discovered Silverado. Three of the number had grown rich by selling the proprietorship, or shares, in well known mines, and two others, by selling, and by the proceeds of mines in which they still hold considerable interests. Of the two last mentioned, the following story is related: They served through the war in the same company—one as captain and the other as private; took part together in numerous battles and escaped unscathed from the enemy's fire. After being honorably discharged, they came to California, and the former private found his way to White Pine, and became an owner in one of the richest discoveries in Treasure Hill. He wrote to his former captain to join him; and on the arrival of his comrade he made over to him one half his mining property. The two are now wealthy beyond their most sanguine expectations, and were yesterday pointed out walking Montgomery street together.

A SIMULTANEOUS FEAR of a new deluge has seized upon two men, one residing in Maine, and the other in Tennessee. Each of them is engaged at present in building himself an ark.